Millihelen

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Millihelen

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Millihelen – noun
1. (informal) A unit of measure of pulchritude, corresponding to the amount of beauty required to launch one ship.

Outsider POV to Hannibal and Will's new life together. Or, Will Graham is not the bait this time, but Hannibal is.

Notes

An outsider POV for a change of pace!

Little reminder: Hannibal's alias is Professor Julius Kore while Will's is Dr. Patrick Kore.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Another fine lecture, Professor Kore,” Raoul Masson said as he made his way to the front of the classroom where the professor in question was gathering his materials from the podium. He looked up with a smile.

“Mr. Masson, a pleasure, as always. You know, you would be guaranteed a seat if you were enrolled at the university,” he said, a bit of tease at the ends of his words as he recapped his pen. Raoul waved his hand to show his disinterest.

“My passion for learning does not include silly little multiple choice questions and essay topics. I prefer a more...*relaxed* approach.” He leans in closer, a slow smile spreading across his face.

“With that attitude, you may be a fine professor yourself. So many get wrapped up in the unnecessary marks of understanding,” Kore stated, his smile warm and comforting. That in and of itself was a reason that Raoul had stuck to attending these lectures, having wandered into one out of boredom the other month. There had been one based on the myth of Tantalus, and the professor had had quite the interesting take on the matter.

His lecture described how Tantalus, highly favored by the gods, had fed his own son to them, having wanted to offer the best and test them at the same time. Only Demeter, who had absently chewed on the shoulder of the poor sap, did not realize the contents of the meal until it was too late. And for daring to question the nature of the gods, he was punished by being forced to stand waist deep in water with juicy purple grapes before his face, but cursed with burning hunger and thirst, only for the water and grapes to move away. Sweet relief, always just out of reach. A fitting punishment, for he thought himself better than the gods themselves. Kore had stayed behind afterwards long enough to answer questions, and since then, Raoul looked forward to conversations after lectures, even enjoying a cup of coffee or so.

“I haven’t the patience, Julius, you know I couldn’t stand to listen to incessant ramblings of those who don’t understand the depth of the topics being discussed,” Raoul said casually, leaning just a hair closer. Julius is amused and intrigued, as it appears.

“We all must start our journey of knowledge somewhere.”

Raoul made his way down to Professor Kore’s office, an invitation for lunch already on his lips as he knocked on the door.

“Oh, come in.”

Raoul was surprised and a little miffed at the sight before him. Professor Kore had one hand absently scrolling on his tablet, and the other hand resting on the hand of the handsome man leaning against the back of the desk. The other man’s teasing smile shifted into one of

annoyance as he noticed Raoul in the doorway before shifting back. He might have been offended at someone else capturing Julius' attention, if the man didn't have a glint in his eye that meant there was more underneath the surface.

"Don't believe we've met," the man drawled in a slight Louisiana accent, smiling but it was clearly fake as he extended a hand for a shake. "Patrick Kore."

"Interesting," Raoul said as he shook the man's hand. Strong grip, he noted. He didn't offer his own name yet. "You must be the husband Julius mentions frequently."

"He does have a tendency to ramble," Patrick replied, his smile a touch more genuine as he looked back at Julius. "Hopefully it's all good things."

"I have yet to find a remarkable flaw," Julius replied, and Patrick snorted, though he looked amused.

"I'll remind you of that when I let our dog sleep in the bed with us," he replied lightly, and squeezed his husband's hand. Julius was staring at him like he put the sun in the sky. It was almost disgusting. Patrick looked back up, one eyebrow raised.

"What's your name?" His voice is almost clipped. Raoul gives him a smirk.

"Sorry, forgot. Raoul Masson."

"Oh, the one who attends most of his lectures, I see," Patrick replied, an attempt at being friendly. It does not come naturally for him, that much is obvious. The effect of his glare is only exemplified by the fact that he's irritatingly *pretty,* and Julius is obviously quite enthralled. He slides Julius another sly look, switching to French to sneak in a jab at the man leaning against the desk.

"Impressionnant, Julius. Combien lui a-t-il coûté?" Impressive, Julius. how much did he cost you?

Patrick's words were smooth, firing back in accented French, *"Plus que vous pouvez vous le permettre."*

More than you can afford.

Raoul rolled his tongue against the side of his cheek to bide time for the next cutting remark to wipe that obnoxious look off of Patrick's face. "Aren't you just full of surprises?"

"I am," was his simple reply, and then he stood up from his position, rolling his neck to work out a kink. He looks back at Julius, that genuine smile creeping back. "I see you've got company, I'll see you later tonight."

Julius nodded, standing up from his chair and pressing a kiss to his cheek. "I will be glad to see you then. Goodbye."

Patrick sent Raoul a faint sneer as he passed by on his way out the door.

Of course, the little *deviant* is on the arm of the professor at this art show. They're practically glued to each other's sides, and yet they don't actually touch that much. Julius initiates all of the contact, resting a hand on Patrick's shoulder or slipping his fingers into his. The wedding ring is obscenely large, and a blood diamond is an interesting choice. It looks as though they are having conversations with no verbal words, just looks and glances.

Raoul watches as they stop in front of the artist's latest creation, an image of the Trojans and Greeks fighting, as Helen of Troy lounges on a cloud above them, watching with faint disinterest as they opposing sides rip each other apart. The blood is quite grotesque, yet beautiful and detailed, and Raoul notes with interest as Patrick moves first, taking his husband's hand. He moves closer and hears Patrick say, "I like this one."

"Do you?" Julius asks, enjoying a sip of his drink.

"Yes. I think it would look nice in my study."

"Ask and ye shall receive," Julius smiles, kissing his cheek before leaving to find the artist in order to purchase the work. Seeing his opening, Raoul slides over to Patrick, taking a drink of his prosecco.

"Well, you just have to bat your eyes, don't you?"

"Not necessarily," Patrick answered back smartly. "We've been looking for the right painting for the study."

"Helen is a rather boring subject, I must say. Not much depth to her. All beauty, no brains or sense of self."

Patrick smiles as though he doesn't know what a smile is. "Oh, I disagree. I think Helen was well aware of her power, and that she enjoyed watching the world burn at her feet."

"Do you always have remarkable spins on mythology?"

"Have you met my husband?"

They trade back and forth, going on about different myths and Raoul is becoming intensely frustrated that apparently nothing too obscure passes over Patrick's head. He knows that this man is a therapist, there should be no *reason* he has such an in depth knowledge of this topic. Finally, he asks with a smirk, "What are your thoughts on Minthe?" He shouldn't know-

"Oh, something obscure, *finally.* Minthe, she caught the eye of Hades and Persephone was not exactly happy about that. She ended up stepping on and kicking the poor girl to death until she became a mint plant," Patrick says, waving his hand in dismissal as he drinks his whiskey. "My thoughts on the matter is that I cannot fault Persephone. She committed herself for life, no reason Hades shouldn't be held to the same regard."

Both men look over at Julius, who is writing a check to the artist and engaging in conversation on pigment schemes.

“Feeling jealous?” Raoul teases, and almost falters at the stone-cold look on Patrick’s face. It slowly melts back into a smirk as he lifts his glass to his lips again.

“Of what?”

“I would be jealous if my husband spent time away from me, becoming interested in others.”

Patrick laughs then. It is positively eerie. “Oh, I don’t think I have to worry about that. I trust my husband, Raoul. It’s the base for any *fulfilling* relationship.”

The fake smile stays there as Julius comes back over to join them, and it only fades when Julius gives him an offer. “My husband and I would love to have you for dinner tomorrow.”

It’s funny, really, observing Patrick Kore over dinner, Raoul decides. The man seems wound tight enough to snap as Julius serves plates of filet mignon and balsamic strawberries with a side spinach salad. He keeps complimenting the food and engaging in conversation, and observes as Patrick slowly cuts through his medium rare steak, eating the bloody cubes one by one. He does not seem amused by the concept of a *millihelen,* even shooting his husband a rather unimpressed look when he claimed that he was equal to one thousand *millihelens,* or, one Helen.

“How sweet,” Raoul awes, watching as Patrick sips his wine to apparently calm down. “Though I’ve been meaning to ask, Patrick, why is there a scar across the face that could launch a thousand ships?”

Patrick’s eyes seem to sparkle with a memory, and he moves his jaw, stretching the scar before answering with, “A hunting accident.”

“Prey got the better of you, huh?”

“On the contrary,” Patrick replied, returning the smile his husband sends his way. “I got the better of him.”

Raoul blinked and in that split-second moment, Patrick had his steak knife in hand and stabbed down hard, pinning Raoul’s left hand down onto the table. He could feel where the blade had severed a nerve and the pain was so intense that he could only croak and reflexively twitch his hand. Patrick used his fork to lift a strawberry half to his mouth, and chewed it slowly as though nothing had happened. He finally spoke when he had finished, shooting his husband a tired look.

“You’re repolishing the silver,” he states, and Julius just smiles, that same idiotic look of adoration on his face even as Raoul struggles to remove the knife from his hand. He stares at Julius, horrified.

“What the fuck is *wrong* with-”

Patrick has his dessert fork pressed right at the inside of his ear before he can finish the sentence. “I could blow out this eardrum, so I want you to listen to me while you still can. If you stay quiet, I may not kill you.”

“What?! You’d *ki-”*

The fork scraped against the inside of his ear, and it is so loud he wants to *scream,* but bites his tongue hard enough that it bleeds. The fork is removed and sat down beside the wineglass as Patrick sighs.

“I prefer being the bait, you know,” he says to his husband, who doesn’t have so much as a hair out of place even as the scene before him unfolds.

“I know. I wanted to reverse our roles for once.”

“A day doesn’t pass where you don't press on my nerves.”

“Part of my charm, then.”

“It’s the cooking and that thing you can do with your tongue that keeps me around, more so than the murder and the cannibalism,” Patrick teases, eating another strawberry half. Raoul holds back his vomit as he stares in horror at his plate, but he keeps wiggling his fingers, using his right hand to try to remove the knife from his palm. He grits his teeth and yanks hard and out it comes, exposing the raw nerves to the cool air and he hisses, dropping the knife beside him. He tries to get to his feet, only to watch in terror as Patrick moves too fast, taking the knife and burying it between two of his lower vertebrae before roughing pulling it back out, then kicks his ankle hard, causing him to collapse to the floor.

“I told you to be quiet,” Patrick says in a low voice, before sending a sharp kick to his ribcage. Finally, Raoul screams.

“You - you son of a *bitch.* You mother*fucker.* You - are fucking *insane.”*

“Incorrect,” Patrick smiles. It is a real smile, and that somehow makes this worse. “I was released. He, however -” he gestures over to Julius, who looks downright pleased with himself “ -was not. By the way, do you think Tantalus would have known he was eating his own son if the gods had offered it? Or would he have chewed away at the shoulder?”

Raoul spits in his direction and gets another sharp kick. And another, and *another,* until they both hear a rib snap. Then the heavy loafer, now stained in blood, presses down hard on his neck. And just as the darkness cloud his vision and his breathing starts to cut off, the shoe is removed and he gasps for air, too weak to try and get up. He looks up at Patrick, who has a soft smile on his face, comforting, almost.

“I’m not going to kill you,” he says gently, soothing his fears. “I get worked up pretty easily, got carried away.”

Raoul foolishly clings to this strand of hope, but then watches as Patrick slides the bloody knife over to Julius, leaning back against the table, copying the pose he'd been in the first time the met.

"Kill him for me, please, Hannibal," he says in a bored tone as he refills his wineglass. "And make it last."

Julius - *Hannibal* gets to his feet, accepting the knife, placing a hand on his husband's hip before pulling him in for a long, slow kiss.

"Anything for you, Will," he says with a bright smile as he turns back towards Raoul.

Horror sends a cold sweat down his spine as Hannibal steps closer, and then everything is slow and painful and slicked in red blood.

It takes two full hours, and Will has worked through the rest of the wine and helped bag the salvageable parts and place them in the freezer, carefully labeled and marked.

"That might have been the most beautiful dismemberment I've ever seen," Will murmurs, feeling heady and relaxed. Hannibal kisses his temple as they head back upstairs, and heads into the bathroom to shower off all the blood. Will flops back onto the bed, stripping down to his boxers, and wraps himself in the silky sheets, so close to sleep he can taste it as he replays the image of Hannibal slowly taking that man apart, piece by piece. It had been perfect.

He's just about to fall asleep when there's a nip to the pulse point on his neck along with a small hum as Hannibal's still-warm-from-the-shower body presses against Will's back.

"You are *stunning,* my love."

"I know," is Will's muffled response, making Hannibal chuckle as he kisses his neck again. "You can call me Helen of Troy all you want t'morrow, 'm tired right now."

"Fair enough."

"...you can kiss me 'til I fall asleep if you want," Will murmurs sleepily. Hannibal's arms wraps around Will as he buries his nose in Will's curls, inhaling the aroma of cologne and sweat and dog and just a bit of the minty aftershave from their victim.

"Nothing would bring me greater joy, Will. I love you, goodnight."

"'Night. Love you."

End Notes

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